




PAM.  
AFRICA


# THE CRYING NEED OF AFRICA

Allen, 14 W. ✓



*The Ministry of the Christian Doctor, and the  
Home Contributor Who Tarries at Home  
But Divides the Spoil with the Strong.  
(Ps. 68: 12; Isa. 53: 12.)*







When Dr. Woodhams came out he brought me some chloroform. I don't know who sent it, but I wish the contributor that made the sending of it possible could see some of the work it has done.

One case was a little boy whose hand was crushed by a fallen tree. There were several fingers taken off, with lacerations of flesh, and bone protruding. I did not see the case for five days. By then there was infection making it so painful it could scarcely be touched. Under the blessed sleep of chloroform I could open up and drain and clean the wound thoroughly—trim the ragged bones down so that the stump will not be tender. He is doing well now.


Another case would certainly have been eaten by jackals and hyenas if I had not been able to do what I did. It was a confinement case and four days old when I was called. They put the woman out in the bush. It's cold in this country at night. As I rode along to the case with my usual clothes I was so cold I could hardly hold Bony's reins. Yet the woman was lying with two goat skins wrapped around her. A very small fire near. About the time I gave the anesthetic it began to rain, which added to my misery, not to speak of






hers. The natives won't let any man near a case like this except a white man. The native women would not help me, but, pretending to, really hindered. From 8 to 2 that night I worked over the woman, giving anesthetic unaided. About 12.30 or 1.00 all the women decided my patient was dead and ran away, leaving no fuel. My only light was a lantern which was not working well. I was so tired that I lay down for a short rest, but I did not get it; on all sides I heard stealthy steps and snuffing in the jungle. I jumped up and they ran away a little. When I sat down the hyenas came closer and closer, especially those behind my back. I have often thought how terrible it must be to be left alone in the brush to be eaten. True, I was not sick, only tired out. I had a lamp, but it was not behaving any too well. Hyenas and jackals are cowardly and afraid of a light, but these are days of hunger and all animals are not true to type.

It was not at all pleasant for me, although I had the assurance I was just where the Lord would have me to be at the time and about His business. How it must be for a sick native without hope in this world or the next I cannot imagine.





After about an hour my mule boy, Kiumu, came and helped me. It was a real touch of his Christianity, I believe. The baby, long since dead, was delivered. The mother was turned over to her friends, who were now willing to come and take charge. I nearly fell off the mule a dozen times during the three hours' ride home.

Without chloroform I would have been unable to do anything on the case. These are only some few cases. A boy we found today had an infected bone; only with chloroform can a sore like this be opened up. The pain of pus in a bone is dreadful. It is especially tiresome and discouraging to work at night. The little fellow still has a sore leg, but from now on he will feel better and he will be encouraged. Several children are now running around who would have been crippled if we would not have been able to treat their diseased bones. To be a cripple here is pitiful. Useless, he is abused by everyone, and has no interest in life.

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